

Jack can still lay down the line  
and when he does it well  
he's still one of the best in the game  
and you forget his complaining and his bumming  
and his demand that a poet should get special grace.  
he came out with some powerhouse poems  
in a Calif. mag  
and the editor wrote me  
asking where Jack might be  
so he could mail contributors' copies.  
well, Jack is just not the suicide type  
so I've been writing around and I get  
answers:  
"no, he's not here, thank god."  
and:  
"who gives a damn?"  
well, Jack's not all that bad,  
especially when he forgets the bullshit and sits down  
to the piano...  
so if you know where he is and have been hiding from him,  
write me, Charles Bukowski,  
I haven't put him all the way down  
even if once  
he did piss on Barney Rosset's shoe  
at a party.

-- Charles Bukowski

Los Angeles, CA

### Sympathy

me and d  
do draft counseling

tonite we got a phone call from  
a college student

to his mind an emergency

it seems he'd been  
working on his PhD  
had a quote scholarship from  
the National Defense Act  
was doing work in the National Interest  
and the SSS wdnt renew his  
II-S unquote

i told him  
in the dictionary you'll  
find sympathy in between  
shit and syphilis

and hung up